

N.E.C.C.



3 0385 00103 5871

Parnassus



Fall 1999



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2017 with funding from
Boston Public Library

Parnassus

Inter-Arts Magazine
of Northern Essex
Community College
Haverhill, Massachusetts 01830

The policy of the editorial staff has been to select material for the magazine democratically.

We have read each work submitted and viewed all artwork.

We voted to determine eligibility: a majority vote for a piece meant publication.

Parnassus provides an opportunity for new artists and writers to reach others; it's a showcase of Northern Essex Community College student creativity.

Parnassus
is the
name
of the
mythological
mountain
home
of the
nine
muses
who inspired
humankind
in the
arts.



Kathy Rankin

Table of Contents

Covers	Michele Martin _____	photographs
2	Kathy Rankin _____	black & white graphic
4	Eric S. Perkins _____	poem
4	anonymous _____	poem
5	Beth Kaplan _____	oil painting
6	Dan Copeland _____	poem
6	Andrea Shine _____	photograph
7	Rachel Steeper _____	poem
7	Ginnie Lavoie _____	pencil sketch
8	Veronica Holmes _____	portrait - chalks
8	Angela Hartmann _____	Lost Soul Dust
10	Melissa Hannay _____	A Letter to Society
11	Jeff Stander _____	pencil sketch
12	Mary Coburn _____	computer Illustrator sketch
12	Marian T. Ryan _____	A Walk with Jesse
14	Lisa Bebo _____	typography illustration
15	Terri Denton _____	poem
16	James Auger _____	Knights of the Round Table & the Black Wyrn
17	Douglas Jolly _____	computer Illustrator sketch
18	Cheryl Davis _____	pencil sketch
19	Deb Turcotte & David Carney _____	Haiku's-Halloween
19	Carol Denesowicz _____	chalk drawing
20	Ken Knapp _____	cartoon sketches (3)
20	Craig Ciampa _____	"Hoodlum"
22	Valerie Webber _____	poem
23	Kristen Pellerin _____	black & white graphic
23	Eric S. Perkins _____	poem
24	Angela Hartmann _____	poem
24	Ginnie Lavoie _____	pencil sketch
24	Dan Copeland _____	poem
25	Michele Martin _____	photogram
25	Dan Copeland _____	poem
26	Bona Kang _____	self-study-charcoal
26	Michelle Sharp _____	self-study-charcoal
26	Michele Martin _____	self-study-charcoal
26	Brendan Cooney _____	self-study-charcoal
27	Ken Samoisette _____	An Ocean View Memory
29	Patrice Peddle _____	ink sketch
30	Veronica Holmes _____	poem
30	Ginnie Lavoie _____	pencil sketch
31	E. Descoteaux _____	oil painting
31	Angela Hartmann _____	poem
32	Dawn Marie Brown _____	typography illustration
33	Jen Rosen _____	computer Illustrator sketch
33	Terri Denton _____	poem
34	Jared Pelletier _____	poem
34	James Harnois Jr. _____	photograph
35	Ken Samoisette _____	poem
35	Benjamin Jared Despres _____	poem
36	Melissa Hannay _____	poem
36	Noriko Kojima _____	black & white graphic
37	Jacqueline Zappala _____	typography illustration
37	Deb Turcotte _____	poem
38	James Harnois Jr. _____	photograph
38	Benjamin Jared Despres _____	poem
39	_____	Parnassus Profiles
40	Gail Bedrosian _____	illustration

Sudden Impact

From birth's calling I haven't been as others were
I haven't seen as others saw
In what was taught from educations lure
I took what was needed and failed through social law

From the playground to my home
All that I loved instantly started to go ill
And then in my teens there came the storm
The wrath of emotions, which bound me still

Like a whirlwind from the celestial order
With a hurricane's power upon the ocean's current
Came my newest chapter of horror
My emotions dramatized in manic torrent

Then, suddenly, after joyously running through youth never losing my breath
The veil lifted, and I stood face to face with the angel of death

Eric S. Perkins

Dear...

i loathe you
you piece of shit
you're lower than slime
let me tell you a little dream of mine
you useless lazy, sloppy swine.
i would love to see you
with your eyeballs out
maggots crawling in and out
eating you like a piece of wood
now that would make me feel pretty good!
or hanging from a big elm tree
limp and lifeless unable to flee
now that would bring a smile to me!
or waiting for a speeding train
tied to the tracks in the pouring rain
and when it split you
to see your pain
would end turmoil in my brain.
with love..

anonymous



Beth Kaplan

empty

Days and bottles blurring past me
constant draining my life's empty
glasses rising falling boundaries
pour another my life's empty

Dan Copeland



Andrea Shine

-With a Capital R-

She walks in the bar
alone
thoughts of rage against the world
he left her
her mind - scrambled like eggs on pavement
sits down
bartender takes her order
straight gin on the rocks

he walks toward this young blood
thirsty for quick love
hardly standing, a hand on her shoulder
he asks her to dance
blurry and incoherent she accepts

****strike one****

he buys her a drink
a double
he plans on his mind
only trouble
a wink and a gesture
towards the door, she accepts

****strike two****

the parking lot empty
only crowds of silent cars
a slip of the tongue
and her slip on his mind
he forces, she fights
a slap, a push, a rip of the dress
too heavy... too late,

****strike three - she's out****

by Rachel Steeper



Ginnie Lavoie

Lost Soul Dust

As I stare up at the sea green stars splashed upon every square inch of the walls surrounding me, I see both of you in my memories as they flood my heart with aching tears. In my dreams I relive the pain and the horror until I wake up in a freezing cold sweat. It has been two years and I'm still afraid to sleep.

I envision you both standing in front of me, like I last saw you. Leeann, you're wearing a huge smile and Kim, you're ready to explode with a hilarious story. I even replay our last conversations over and over until my head hurts.

I see a faint light in the center of my room. My eyes squint to adjust as the shadows melt away slowly.

I look in the direction of the television but like the rest of the house, it too is sleeping soundly. The faint light attracts me to its every move. It looks like a billion stars getting sucked in by a cyclone, it's almost blinding now. Fear begins to envelope itself around my lungs, making no escape for any possible screams. But as fast as the fear took charge of me, calmness begins to dilute it.

The light seems to understand my thoughts, it sets out to come closer towards me. I back up until I feel a cool smooth surface supporting me, trapping me. Then to my amazement the light begins to separate into two different forms. At first I see two sets of wings, then hands, and eventually faces.

Tears soon take the all-too-familiar trails down my face. The figures attempt to console me, but it's too late. My emotions are loose. I stare up in to the eyes of the one standing closest to me, and eventually find the strength in my voice to speak.

"Why ... ?" is all I can utter with a raspy voice. The eyes look to bring peace to mine, but they can't, it's been so long. A hand reaches out for me, and for the first time in my life I don't push it away. I stand between the two sources of light and see nothing but pure whiteness.

When I can see again, my eyes rest upon the hearth where Kim's mutilated body was found. Then I look upon the open grass where Leeann fought for her life for hours which probably felt like eternity to her that night. Rage burns me, the kind of rage that has barred up my soul for so long and I couldn't



Veronica Holmes

release it. Questions flood my mind and I can't stand the stench of the sweet early morning ... not here. Anywhere but here. As I turn to ask my tour guides why they have brought me to this unforgettable place, a pain throbs inside of me, like someone is pinching the outer layer of my heart, suffocating it. I see Kim and Leeann staring back at me, with wings so beautiful and enchanting spread out behind them.

"You need to use what you hold inside of you to help others. You have strength and faith," said Leeann compassionately.

With these words I feel myself fall to the cement where Kim took her last breath and cried her last tear. I begin to sob like a three-year-old, uncontrollably. Kim puts her hand on my shoulder as I open the gates inside of me, letting the pain go free.

"Why did this happen to you two? You didn't deserve this! You both had so much to offer to this damn world and they stole that ... they stole you from us" I said these words as if the murderers were standing by listening to every pain drenched syllable. And I continued with conflicting anger.

"I just don't get it. It should have been me! How could they take either one of you away?! You had solid futures, solid families, solid goals how, dammit? how?" I trail off because the words can't match my pain anymore.

They help me to my feet and I realize that they too are crying. I hug them both, afraid to let go and afraid to say good-bye. Whiteness blinds me, and when I can see again I am back in my starlit room. Leeann smiles gently and tells me they are both ok now and not to worry. I ask her why they have come to see me and before she could answer Kim spoke the words I never expected to hear.

"You will embark on a murder case like ours again in the future. You will not know the victims, you will be the police officer called to the scene, but it will be too late for you to do anything. Remember our visit tonight, remember we are ok, as those victims will be. You will catch the murderers, and you will have a choice to make. We came to warn you to act with justice, not vengeance."

With that said, I stand there confused and almost tormented. Moments go by and just when I was about to ask a list of questions, Leeann spoke softly.

"We know you have faith in what you believe. Use that to help you. It helped us when we needed it. We are God's angels now. And justice has been served. Help serve justice when you have a chance, don't get mixed up with vengeance. We must go back now. Always remember a soul is as strong as the ocean, it can do powerful things and it has millions of hidden spaces in it. Don't let the vengeance hide."

As we said our good byes, the tears stopped falling. More hugs were given and then the two angels joined hands and I backed up. The room filled with a white glow and then it was black, with the exception of my stars.

I reflected on what they said, on the whole night. I looked at the clock and not a minute passed. Our meeting happened within seconds. I wished it had lasted for hours. I felt something in my hand. I slowly opened it. Beach sand fell to my smooth wooden floor. Sand is the lost soul dust which vengeance led away from the ocean. It was then that I knew my decision, to serve Justice, to serve the ocean, to serve my soul...

Angela Hartmann

I wrote this poem shortly after the shooting in Littleton, Colorado, when America was looking for somewhere to place blame. They found scapegoats in music, video games, and television. They looked everyplace but where they should. At themselves.

A Letter to Society

You look to us to save a world which you have nearly destroyed.
Your faces plead for us to be better doctors, and lawyers, and politicians than your
generation.

More honest, more advanced. Achieving hard hitters.

You expect for us to go out and be a better generation than you were,
But look what you have taught us...

We are the results of your parenting abilities.
Your creations, we live by your examples.

Each and everyday we are exposed to your violence.

Crime, lies, murder, drugs, guns...

Where do we see the good things you want so badly for us to be?
Where is the love, care, and justice you want our generation to be the bearers of?

"This is your world in which we grow ... we are what you have made us."

-Marilyn Manson

Melissa Hannay



Jeff Stander

A Walk with Jesse

Jesse and I have been here many times. She always whimpers in knowing excitement as I park at the bottom of Old Town Hill in Newbury.

Once I release her from the confinement of my jeep, she bursts free into the shadow of the wood. Her first order of business is a territorial pee, preferably in a spot already marked by other dogs.

Jesse has personality. Enough to make me believe that she truly is my best friend. After all, isn't a little loyalty and someone to listen to us what we all want? Her needs are simple, and with her so are mine. We have great communication.

The Hill rises steeply, challenging the resident birch and pine to cling to its uneven, sloping surface. Many trees have succumbed to a recent wind storm and lay on the forest floor in fatal slumber.

Snow still covers the ground on this chilly March day. Weather forecasters, and more reliably the sky, predict an impending snowstorm. The air smells like snow, but flakes have yet to fall.

As I climb I turn to face the way I have come and note that the pasture across the lane is empty of horses. They have been offered the rare luxury of a warm stall against the weather. I think back to warm summer afternoons when the horses, bathed in the amber light of a western sun, evoke feelings of liquid peace. Today is sharp and gray in comparison. The sound of an empty feed bucket, repetitiously banging against the rail post, is the only indication the horses were there.

I always find the solitude of the wood enchanting. Every walk is special to my soul and different to my eye. I allow my mood to dictate the feel of the walk.

Jesse is a wonderful walking companion. She runs ahead, reveling in the scent of the brown in places where the snow has released its grip. Periodically, she waits for my approach before proceeding further. It is true, dogs do smile. I am joyful in her happiness.

At the summit of Old Town Hill the view leads the eye to the boundless Atlantic. Looking due east, the Plum Island Refuge separates the marsh from the ocean. To the north the outline of Mount Agamenticus in Maine is visible, marred



Mary Coburn

only by Seabrook's Nuclear Power Plant in the forefront. It seems contrary that Agamenticus should have to share the shoreline with the nuclear monolith.

Jesse frolics in the summit snow field like a pup. Once she acquires the stick she's been seeking, she gambols about like a bucking bull, hind legs up and out, then all fours in the air as she twists her head, gnashing her teeth, breaking the stick into bits. Next she inserts her entire muzzle into the snow, rooting for new and exciting smells.

This hill used to provide homeward sailors with a natural beacon, a giant elm tree. The tree that led them to safe harbor is no longer here, but I can imagine how welcome that landmark must have been to sea weary travelers.

Jesse and I choose a secluded trail today, winding our way through the wood of skeleton trees. I rarely encounter humans on my treks here, and their absence is refreshing. Of course, I like people, but it is increasingly difficult to regenerate from the pressures of day to day living without space. Time alone is necessary for personal growth. Without reflective solitude one becomes stagnant and spiritual decay sets in.

As we continue, Jesse instinctively knows the way of the trail no matter what the conditions. Variable snow pack and striated ice crystals contrast against the dense, dark earth. The tall pines sway in symphonic sympathy to the lonely, insistent wind which is trying to get my attention.

Jesse is comically dragging a series of branches through the wood. I call her and she abandons her colony of sticks to barrel toward me with all fifty shepherd pounds. At the last minute she cuts away like a linebacker, returns for a pat, and proceeds with the business of trail blazing and stick killing.

As we ascend a little-known trail toward a pasture, I notice a dead tree covered in a fungus unscientifically known as Artist's Palette. To the casual eye it is a homely looking growth, but the velvet-like underside invites illustration which can then be varnished to retain its etching. Seeing this makes me wish I could draw.

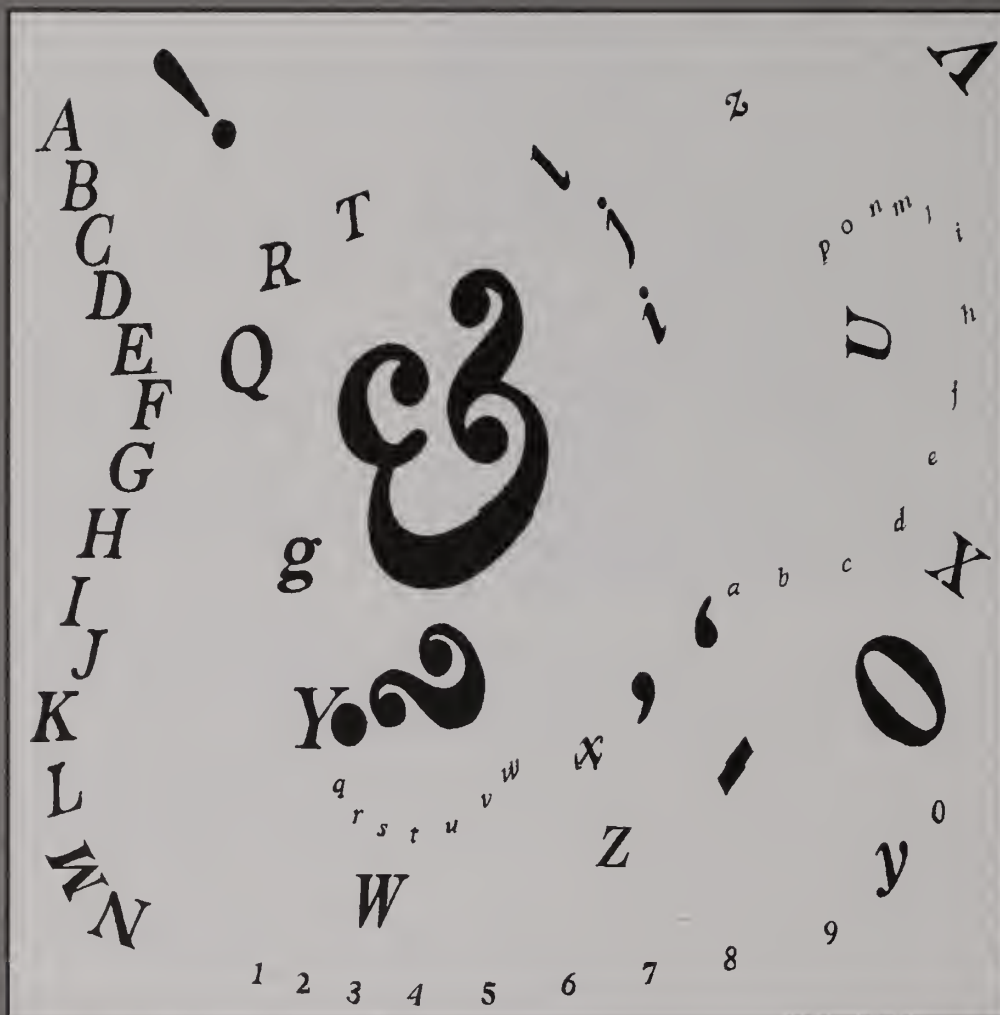
Emerging into the field which is capped with a slate sky, I check for the advent of snowflakes, almost wishing to be enveloped by swirling snow. I feel contentedly isolated and peaceful at the moment, shedding the expensive veneer which hides my real self.

The wind is picking up. Jesse and I cross the gray, bitterly waving grass to take the trail back. Descending the hill I catch a falling leaf and make a wish. Sometimes I wonder if it matters what I wish for anymore.

As we near the lane, Jesse accelerates her pace though I call her back, but like me, she is stubborn and dislikes being told what to do. She is not anxious to get home, but she needs to prove that she knows which car is hers, even if it is the only one there. I allow it because I understand the need to be right.

As I start the engine, the snow begins. Snow, as impermanent as love, the longer it stays, the colder and harder it becomes. Oh well, the beginnings of a fall are always beautiful and sweet.

Marian T. Ryan



Lisa Bebo

The Challenge

Kids on roller blades
You see them everywhere
Wearing funky shades
The wind in their hair

So I decided to try it
This happening new thing
I bought some blades of my own
Threw my hat in the ring

Then one day at the park
All decked out in my gear
I took my first rolls
I was brave-, had no fear

I started on the circular path
In my skates I began sliding
Then I saw them behind me
They were positively gliding

A pack of roller bladers
Past me, they flew
Looking back, they laughed
We're much better than you

They did turns, they did jumps
Their prowess they flaunted
Foolishly, I took their bait
I threw down the gauntlet

I would not be shown up
"I'll show you", I snapped
But before I reached the first tree
I saw they had me lapped

I strengthened my resolve
I tried to better them again
After all, I thought, to myself
They can't be much older than ten

So I rolled down the track
Practiced some new tricks
Then I saw them watching me
Those kids, out to get their kicks

So I went faster still
To show them I couldn't be stopped
Then I tripped on a rock
And to the ground, I was dropped

What I am I doing? I thought
To these kids, I can't relate
I had thought blades would be the same
As my trusty old roller skates

Embarrassed, I sat there
Alone in my misery
When past me they flew again
So close, their skates nearly touching me

Now, I am twenty-nine years young
At least, young I think it is
But as I watch them skate circles around me
I realize I am too old for this

Terri Denton



Knights of the Round Table and The Black Wyrn

I walked toward the meeting hall where my king had called all knights. Sleep still filled my eyes as I stumbled along the halls. This meeting had come at a very unexpected time, in the dead of night.

Upon entering the room I soon saw that most knights were seated at the Round Table. Rubbing the sleep from our eyes, we awaited the arrival of the final few. All but one seat was filled; Curiously, Lancelot was nowhere to be found. Arthur rose to address all. His was the only face not showing signs of sleep or weariness. Instead it was filled with grief and a faint flicker of fear, but as always, he spoke with courage and determination.

“Friends,” he spoke. “Brothers of the Round Table, evil doth come upon the land again and it is up to us to make sure it does no one else harm. I’m afraid we have had an attack on a small village north of here.”

“What kind of evil has slithered into our mist, my king?” I asked.

“The likes of which only the elder knights may remember, sir James,” he said gravely. “The evil that has crept upon us and into our land is a vile beast, a wyrn,”

The last of his words hit the listeners like a slap in the face. All gasped in unison and began to yell in fear, in anger:

“How could this be,” gasped one voice.

“I thought they were just a myth,” said another.

“Where is it?” yelled a third, and the like.

Everyone was silent again as Arthur raised his hand. “It is very real my friends. The first sighting was two days ride north of here,” he said.

“What action would you have us take?” Sir Bedivere asked.

“A small detachment of men could easily slip into its lair and kill the beast in its sleep,” was Arthur’s reply. “A group of three, Gawaine, Bors, and James shall be the ones. With their stealth and agility they

should be able to handle the problem. I would send Lancelot, also, had I not already sent him and Lady Guenevere on pressing business to France. However, this cannot wait for his return. “Everyone was silent in shock, none more than I. Then a chorus of shouts arose. Again, Arthur raised his hand to silence them. “My decision has been made. Go now, for Gawaine, Bors, and James shall leave within the hour.”

An hour later, the three of us, laden with supplies and burnishing new weapons specially made for slaying dragons, set out. Weapons of new and old gleamed dully in the pale light of the moon, as we hastily made our way to Haddshom Mountain, where we were to fight this thing of evil, this wyrm.

Stopping only to eat and rest our mounts, we made it to the Haddshom in a day and a half. We then spent the extra half-day to rest. On the morn of the third day, when wyrms are said to be sleeping, we tied up our horses and climbed the steep rocky path to a large open cave leading into the mountain.

At the cave entrance we stopped, drew forth our wyrn blades and strode as one into the mountains gaping maw. The stench of evil was overwhelming.

Now these weapons were something to marvel at. The blades were exceptionally thin and strong. Sharp enough to cleave a man in half with ease, but they dulled easily when used in sword combat. These blades were made to slip between the wyrms scaled armor to harm it. Otherwise, inflicting any fatal damage would be quite impossible.

After a short walk into the cave, we found the wyrn. In the half light its obsidian scales shone dully like a window of black death. It lay sprawled across the ground in a silent slumber, breathing wisps of a wraith like smoke through its nostrils. I remember thinking how much it resembled a cat laying stretched out, and saying to myself, “How easy this will be.” Yet, suddenly, Bors lost his footing on a loose rock and stumbled forward, catching himself with the butt of his dragon spear. The thud of wood against stone echoed into the blackness of the cave. The noise was enough to wake the sleeping wyrn; with one fluid motion it was on all fours and blew flame at us.

We barely ducked away in time, then Gawaine yelled, "Disperse my friends!" We separated and all started screaming, hoping to distract it long enough for one of us to get a clear shot. Its head bobbed back and forth, seemingly confused. Sir Bors bellowed a terrible war cry and ran at it, aiming for its heart. Anticipating the attack, the wyrm wheeled about and struck him with its tail, throwing Bors toward the wall and his head toward Gawaine. Using the distraction, Gawaine swung his sword at the beast's throat. The wyrm then turned his huge ivory capped maw at me, and Gawaine's sword snapped in half as it struck the obsidian scales of its lower jaw. The wyrm then knocked him down, put its clawed foot over him and poised to attack. I ran for Bors' spear, and flung it toward the beast's eye, striking with deadly force. It

provided enough of a distraction for me to climb upon its back. I took my sword and found a spot at the base of the beast's head and struck. The sword slid in. I heard the snapping of bone, and then my sword, as the wyrm thrashed, shuddered and went still.

Gawaine and I then dragged Bors' lifeless body down the mountain to ride back to Camelot. We felt sad at the loss of Bors, yet ready for anything the world could throw at us.

"And that is how I became a hero."

"Is that how it really happened, Grandpa?" the little innocent voice asked.

"Well . . . mostly."

James Auger



Douglas Jolly



Cheryl Davis

Halloween Hiaku

Pumpkins' eerie faces
Shadows in webbed dark corners
A dim crooked glow

A soul trespasses
Pulled out of an awkward glance
A haunting whisper

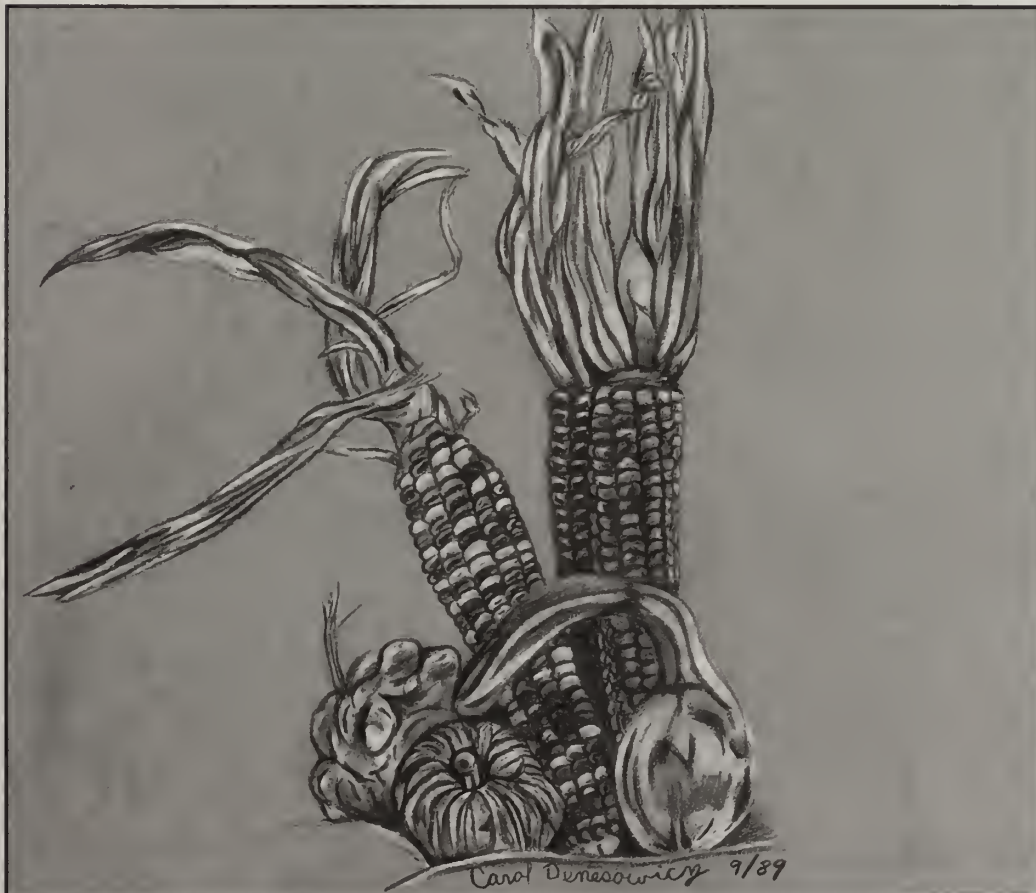
Witches on broomsticks
Skirting through lifeless branches
Casted spells abound

A burial ground
Tombstones, lost souls, and clawed trees
Bring about chilled bones

A house on a hill
Twisted gates and toppled stones
Dark descends on light

A choked scent drawn deep
Enveloped, immobilized
Grave consequences

Deb Turcotte and David Carney



Carol Denesowicz



Ken K

“Hoodlum”

One of the world’s most loved grandmother-granddaughter teams is arrested yesterday in a narcotics-related incident. This is the first of many arrests that will be made in Faery-Tale land. Detective Wolf executed the brilliant capture of Little Red Riding Hood and her sly grandmother yesterday afternoon at approximately 3:17pm. Three undercover federal agents, also known as the Three Little Pigs, assisted him. Five counts of drug possession were brought to the table against the suspects, including the charge of intention to deal the products in question. If charged, Red and Granny will be facing a possible 15 years in prison.

Det. Wolf and his right hand porks, oops, I mean pigs, have been trailing the stealthy duo for quite

some time now. We are told that this unshakable team was on their tale for 11 months before the arrest was made. In an exclusive interview, Wolf describes how the shakedown transpired.

“We knew to an extent what they were up to, but we needed more hard evidence to finally put our claws into them. They were good, but like all criminals, you are sooner or later bound to f*#k up, you know what I mean? First, we got the grandmother. It’s a shame, 87 years old and we catch her green handed, trimming her cannabis plants in the basement of the log cabin. 43 plants in all, surrounded by thousands of dollars worth of high tech, indoor, cultivating equipment. She suffered a mild heart attack when we surprised her in the act. She’ll survive though.”

“Now how did you go about catching the elusive Red?”



Knapp



The Three Pigs explain, "That wasn't that easy. We waited outside the cabin while Wolf led her and her basket of "goodies" to the home. He cunningly interrogated her on the path to the cabin; asking her about the contents of her basket. She would not respond. Quickly, he made his way to grandmother's house using a shortcut, before Red could arrive. Dressing up in granny's gown he waited for Red to walk in. We stood on the ready just to the right of the cabin for Wolf's signal. It did not take long for Red to divulge the contents of her basket. In her mind this was Grandmother, and they shared all of their secrets Wolf gave the signal and we jumped to his aid, busting through the front door and putting the squeeze on Red. Luckily, she was not able to pull out her Glock and harm anyone."

It is believed that Red was carrying numerous pounds, or bricks, of cocaine and marijuana with the

intention to deal. The two await arraignment in two weeks at Superior Court. Others are said to be involved in this infamous drug circle. Names like Snow White and the Seven Dwarves, Cinderella and Hansel and Gretel, just to name a few. Robin Hood was on the scene but he seemed to be too paranoid to comment. Rumors are arising that Johnny Cochran will be taking the Duo's case. In response to the question if the two have a chance in hell of avoiding conviction, he responded, "Do you know who I am?" That is all we have for now.

Craig Ciampa

“I will always love you,” she whispered as she bent down to kiss her angelic cheek.

A newborn baby brings out strong emotions in every mother, but love above all.

There is nothing quite so strong as a mother’s love for her child. A love rivaled only by a child’s love for her mother.

A love that grows stronger with each passing day. A love that brings with it so many other emotions as well.

Exhaustion, joy, guilt, pride, fear, exuberance, exasperation, but always...love above all.

Through the difficult times other emotions seem closer to the surface. Anger, frustration, rebelliousness, as a child struggles to mature and the mother, while wanting her child to grow, also wants to keep her close. But always there is love.

As the child matures into an adult, she becomes wiser and more understanding of the feelings of her mother, and the love that seemed hidden becomes stronger.

A part of the circle is completed when this new adult gives birth to her child. Suddenly it all becomes clear. She understands the bond her mother feels with her. With this new understanding, her love for her mother seems stronger than ever as they are able to share this deepest emotion together.

As they mature and grow older they are able to relate to each other as equals while they delight in sharing and caring for this child.

As the grandmother ages and becomes frail, the daughter’s role begins to change. The daughter finds herself caring for her mother as her mother once cared for her.

As this cycle of life nears the end, as it inevitably does, the roles have reversed. The grandmother is now child-like, and her daughter assumes the mother’s role of caretaker. Again, there are very strong conflicting emotions present. But always there is love.

When the end comes, and it is time to say goodbye, all that is felt is the love that was shared over a lifetime.

“I will always love you,” she whispered as she bent down to kiss her angelic cheek.

Valerie Webber



Melting

Kristen Pellerin

This dark immense secret full of skin
blossomed from the day when man used lace
as a bruise to crack out the tongues of people seeing morning.

And can her dry sister over there leave books burning
on a liquid evening as minutes consume these slender sounds?

Let me teach you why she said only his glass loved you.
Am I a wild black bomb like him?
Wind was my ditty summer song.

Eric S. Perkins

run

As I walk through the city
I breathe it in
I choke on the screams of the beaten little boy
And I spit out the agony of the motherless baby
As I walk further and deeper into the city
I breathe it in
My lungs ache for the man living in the paper box
And my throat hurts with torment of the rapist's victim
As I walk to the center of the city
I breathe it in
I begin to feel dizzy with the elder's broken windows
And my stomach spins with cries of the abused animals
As I walk to the outer edges of the city
I can't breathe any longer
My lungs have exploded, My throat collapsed,
My stomach evaporated, and my mind goes blank
As I walked through the city
A piece of me died

Angela Hartmann

SMILING WORDS FROM A PAST
THAT REFUSES TO DIE
FEIGNED CONCERN AND
INTEREST DRENCHED IN SUBTLITIES
SEAMSTRESS TIME
TIES US IN ENDLESS LOOPS
OF REOCCURRENCE
TANGLING OUR EMOTIONS
IN HER INFINITE QUILT OF WAS AND IS
SMILING WORDS FROM A PAST
THAT SHOULD HAVE KEPT WALKING

Dan Copeland



Ginnie Lavoie

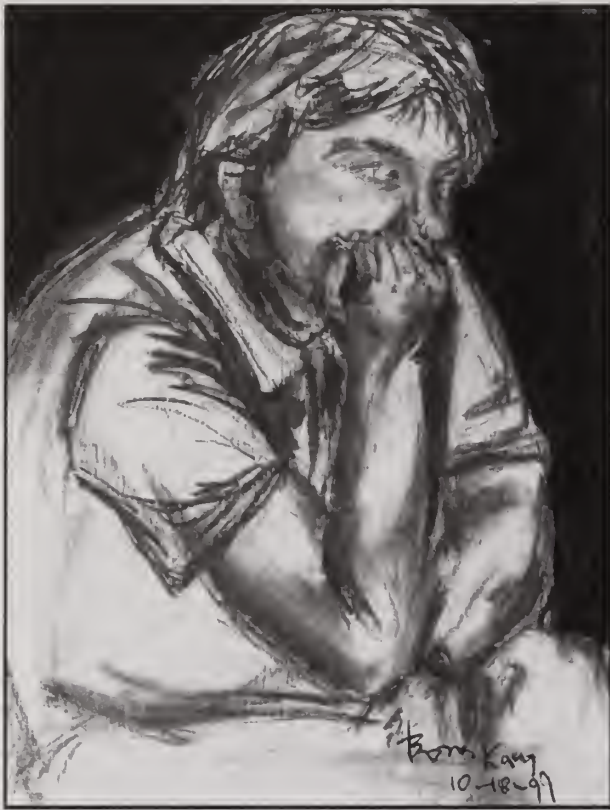


Michele Martin

QUETZALCOATL

RISING FROM ITS BED OF MIGHT
 TO SMITE THE SKY OF BLACKEST NIGHT
 FEATHERED SERPENT ANGERED REARING
 BATHED IN FIRE VENOM SEARING
 STRIKES ACROSS THE HEAVEN'S FACE
 MAJESTIC FORM ANGELIC GRACE
 BRINGING HOPE TO THOSE WHO SLEEP
 AND SOLACE FROM THE EVENING'S GRIEF
 BUT SOON HE'LL LOSE HIS LOFTY PEAK
 DESCENDING AS THE DAY GROWS WEAK
 TO DIE AGAIN UPON THE BREAST
 OF THE SILENT SEPULCHER OF THE WEST
 AMIDST THE STRAINS OF DUSKY FUROR
 TRIUMPHANTLY THE NIGHT CRIES
 MURDER

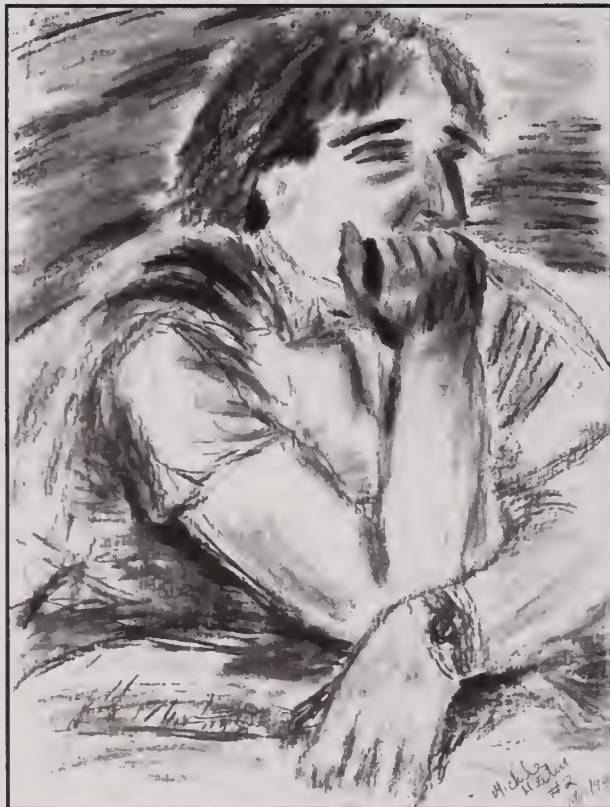
Dan Copeland



Bona Kang



Michelle Sharp



Michele Martin



Brendan Cooney

An Ocean View Memory

The wind is icy. There's a mist inside the swells that penetrates any sweater and turns the marrow inside my bones to ice. It puts a condensation on the windshield of my parked car. The fall wind is always more fierce and much colder than anywhere else. I park in front of the enormous sea. Here I feel tranquil. I can endure any element or problem I'm facing. When I can't be here physically, there are many times I place myself here mentally. With awe I watch the white crests of the waves crumble into themselves. The foam from the titanic messengers lingers briefly on the shore before it succumbs, sucked back into the sea from which it came. I reach down between my legs and ease the seat all the way back. I recline a bit from the upright position of driving. My mind sets adrift, like a sailboat into an ocean of possibility. Vast and encumbering memories submerge. I retreat to a short narrative I heard. A lamentable story of a rebellious teenager, who, like so many, misunderstands the strict guidance of a parent. She feels held back, not able to live, chained by her overbearing father rules and curfews, not realizing that the guidance is out of love, and for her own protection. If any harm befell her, the pain inflicted on her father would be immeasurable and insufferable.

The rain falls harder now. It causes the sea to look distorted, like a sea of moving eels at battle, withering and snapping, rising and falling towards each other. Towards the end of the girl's story, she realizes the error of her judgement. All the restrictions and scornful tongue were an undertone of a profound love. Like many young adults she doesn't understand this until later in life. Through experience she sees the emotional pain of her father slowly losing his children, the sad reality of his children all grown up and living lives of their own. A story of this caliber makes me think of my father.

I see a strong man. Time slowly taking effects on human flesh. Years changing the face you always believed was carved out of stone. How can a man so solid be mortal? I see nights of sitting around the television after dinner. My father in his chair, my mother in hers, me and my siblings either on the couch or on the floor. It seemed like a time that would

last forever. I remember when my sister and I could both fit in my father's chair, me nestled on one side of him and my sister on the other side, a sanctuary inside our living room.

My father always seemed large to me, although now he stands at least four inches shorter than I. His broad frame made him seem impenetrable. His small calloused hands showed years among years of manual labor. Underneath his fingernails, a black grime of grease and oil, a telltale sign of being a mechanic by trade. I remember when he and my mother would go out for the evening. She'd be getting ready in the bedroom. He'd be sitting at the kitchen table. Before he got into the shower he would pull a small pocket-knife out of his pocket and clean underneath his fingernails. My mother, walking back to the bathroom from the bedroom, would tell him not to cut himself, and to use a fingernail clipper, it has a file made for that. He'd tell my mother to get back into the bedroom sarcastically, then smile at me and give me a quick wink. He'd tell me, "Don't you try this." I remember not being able to wait till I was old enough to try that, it was remarkable how cool it looked. I believe the first time I tried that I was too young, and did cut myself. I chuckle out loud a bit and smile as I think back.

I raise my head from the memory. I return my gaze to the eels. They hiss and rise like hooded cobras. I lick my windshield wipers and the ocean returns to normal. I reach over to the passenger seat. I pick up a crumbled pack of cigarettes. I shimmy one out of the pack. I quit these a long time ago, but sometimes I can not resist the temptation. I strike a match and hold it up to the tip of the cigarette that's resting between my lips. I cup my hand over the flame. As I inhale deeply the smoke slightly burns my throat; it's been a while since I've last smoked. As I exhale I watch the smoke fan out against the windshield looking for escape. I crack the window.

I recall a time when my father's name struck fear inside me as a small child. How my mother would threaten us with just his name if we had been misbehaving. "I'm going to tell your father when he gets

home.” Usually that did the trick, but sometimes my sister and I pushed our luck. We were punished as any child is. I remember the first spanking we were handed. It made a distinct impression of who was in charge. I don’t recall what we did, but I remember the terror of waiting for the inevitable repercussions of my actions. My sister got hers first. Up over the knee, bare bottomed, WHAP! The tears flowed and she made her way to the bedroom. It was quick. I remember him looking very stern but also sad. I think he wanted it to be over more than we did. I didn’t know then, but I know now that those rare times hurt him more than any physical suffering I’ve known. Then my turn, up over the knee in the same fashion as before. I don’t remember crying because it hurt, I think I was just scared. Off the knee and straight to bed, on the bottom of a set of bunk beds, with my sister on the top. Ironically my mother tucked us in. I refused the goodnight kiss, turned my head the other way. She kissed the side of head anyway. I remember how furious I became thinking of the spanking I got. At the time I swore I’d never forgive him, if it’s the last thing I do, never. I’ll never talk to him again either. The childish vow was forgotten by the next morning.

The smoke from the cigarette trails upward towards my face. As it burns my eyes, I move the cigarette to my left hand and watch the smoke travel from the fire red tip to the cold rainy air outside the window. I stare into the smoke and images appear. The white and gray smoke pool together before they snake out the window. I think of my father’s graying hair, his receding hairline. His hair always combed straight back. His radiant blue eyes set in a handsome olive complexion. His smile shining back at me like the dawn of a new day. No matter how many of his hairs turned gray his eyes remained brilliant, a reflection of the man he is. I see us all now, my sister, brother, and mother. It’s ages ago because the years I had envisioned on my father’s face are gone. He’s now a young man and a proud father, no graying hair at all. Red snow suits on my sister and me. We’ve bundled up for a morning of ice-skating on a local pond. My father tells us he used to visit this very place when he was young, ice skating, fishing, spending time with friends. It’s a lake off a slightly traveled

road. It’s only feet from the road to the lake but on the other side are vast trees, large and towering, thin and frail, sizes of all kinds. Most of the trees are naked but a few pine trees scattered around give the landscape a splash of green. The lake goes out further than we can see. It bends to the left a quarter of a mile in front of us. Straight ahead of us are just the trees. Through some of the trees silhouettes of houses are apparent. Towards the right and left between the trees you can see a few more houses. It looks like just the right amount, not even close to overpopulated. I’m sure now to visit that place it would most likely be a different story. My mother is pulling my brother on a small wooden sleigh, big enough only for a small child. At this time my brother is much too young for ice-skating. The sleigh has got red trim. The metal skates on the bottom are also red, except where the skates have repeatedly scraped the ice. The lustrous shine of the metal shows at the very bottom of the rails. I remember falling constantly, my father close trying to keep us on our feet. Laughing and having a great time. The image reminds me of a snapshot taken on that day. The picture sits in a mural, among other memories, in my mother’s living room. I believe this is how I can recall this memory so vividly, I’ve seen it numerous times.

I hear my father’s advice, “ Never go near any black ice, it’s the weakest, very likely to give out under any weight. If you ever find yourself too close and you hear the ice creaking, lie down and distribute your weight. This way you won’t be keeping all your weight in a small area. By spreading out you should be able to crawl to safety with no problem.”

My father’s advice always came from the heart and experience. My father never had a father to teach him and give him advice, so everything he said I knew had been learned the hardest way possible, through experience.

I’m reminded of a story he once told me when I was a child. He was ice skating when he was a kid, my father and other kids from the neighborhood, no adults. One kid went too close towards the black ice. He wasn’t fortunate enough to know the dangers of

black ice. Everyone there that day learned it. The current was so fast that as soon as he fell through the ice the current swept him underneath my father and his friends. They followed him as far as they could, trying to break the ice with their hockey sticks. The current was too strong and too fast. Briefly he was there and then he wasn't. They were forced to watch their friend perish in a premature icy grave.

I stare back into the ocean. The distortion takes on a different form. This time it's not eels I see, it's faces. Young scared faces. Fear of death is prevalent; hopelessness sets in as these faces realize that this is the last look at this world they will see.

I hit the wipers and blink harshly. The image leaves a disturbing brand on my memory. I take the last drag off the Marlboro and flick the remains out

the window. I roll up the window and start the car. The icy wind and cold memories leave me chilled. I turn the heater on and I'm greeted with a blast of cold air. From sitting, the engine's grown cold. I quickly turn the heater off. I wrap my arms around myself and rub the outside of my arms vigorously to warm myself up.

I decide to leave. I put the car in reverse, and look around. I'm alone here at this place. With no cars or anybody in my way, I back up in a half moon. I switch gears and drive forward. I turn the radio up and try to lose myself in a familiar song.

Ken Samoisette



Patrice Peddle

Summer

She leaves in a blaze of glory
Splashing her bright colors
On the oaks and maples,
Heralding the fall.
Her heat simmers to a cool wisp
Touching my face with the gentle reminder that
The cold winter draws nigh.

She lies down quietly.
No, she is not dead.
Winter's gray, ghostly blanket covers her, she is unseen.
She takes with her the frolic and the laughter of the long days.

Before long, she stirs again,
Bringing with her chirping birds,
Flashy tulips and new life springing from
Every corner, paving the way for her dramatic entrance.

Veronica Holmes





Ironically

You tipped the glass over
when I poured my tears to fill it
When I collected paper hearts
you burned them at the stake
You cut my chain free
when it took ounces of pain to lock it
When I peeled away my layer of skin
you picked it up and pasted it back on
You trashed my words
when I slaved to make them stronger
When I ran out of breath
you buried me quickly
You pushed me too far
when I pulled myself together
When I finally collected all my tears
you tipped the glass over

E. Descoteaux

Angela Hartmann

Sal 1999

PARANOIA

He leaves for work at eleven p.m.
And I should be happy to be alone
I can do my homework without distraction
I can make my home my own

But I cannot seem to get used to it
This midnight solidarity
I imagine someone breaking in
My demise, envisioned with clarity

I've tried to explain it to him
And he insists it's all in my mind
I know he's trying to make me feel better
But my fears are of the consistent kind

I hop into bed, pull up the sheets
I stare at the clock, concentrating on illumination
Trying not to think, I shut my eyes to sleep
Then an uninvited guest, it starts, my rumination

Trying to ignore it, I set my thoughts to something else
Then, senses heightened, I hear it - a sound
Something at the door outside
A scratching noise, close to the ground

Quickly I pull on my robe and head to the door
Grabbing along the way my solid wood baseball bat
Flipping on the outside light, I silently slip the latch
Then I see him staring up at me--Felix, my cat

I know now that it's just my imagination
I go back to bed; everything's all right
And then I sleep, undisturbed and perfectly calm
I'm not worried anymore, at least not for tonight

Terri Denton



Jen Rosen

Butterfly Dreams



Satan's Prescription

□
□
□
□

Use this poison
that death prescribed

A high that just
grows but kills
your brain

Keep on dealing
and using
till life has
no meaning

Holes in the brain
no one left but
the yelling
ignorant insane

Happiness from violence
stealing and laughing
because you forgot
how to live
happy

□
□
□
□
□
□
□
□
□
□

V

JRP

JRP

JRP

Jared Pelletier



James Harnois Jr.

Nature

Stream and Foam Abstract



Why does this pain fill me
Like a cancerous tumor spreading
Unable to stop it
How do you fall so deep in love
How do you climb out of the hole you dug
How can you get out when you can't see the end
After years spent
Unable to comprehend how to spend another second
Falsely going through the motions of life
Feeling half high, half dead
Head in the clouds
Dizziness of life overwhelming
Anxiety pounds my chest
Voices screaming to be heard
Must be heard
Frustration, aggravation
Intense sorrow
Relationship of uncomfortable silence
Struggling to avoid untimely demise
Why did I save the love letters
Constant reminders of pain, humility, humbleness
All hearts BLEED pain better than they pump blood

Ken Samoisette

Human Nature

No one stoops to kiss
The wilted rose,
They only stoop to pluck
The red, red rose.

Benjamin Jared Despres

Sor B'

We stand too close and laugh too loud
To see if people talk.
We've kissed and hugged and winked and danced
And laughed when they just gawked.

I've spent entire lunches nestled
Snugly in your lap,
Used your shoulder as a pillow
For a mid-day study nap.

I've been carried down the hallway
Laughing, high pitched, all the way.
And together we'd laugh harder
As suspicious glances strayed.

Then we'd sit and let the rumors fly
The looks and whispers too
And find ways to make some wonder
If those rumors might be true.

I giggle as I look back now
How we caused such a fuss.
And wonder if the people that
We fooled the best were us.

Melissa Hannay



Noriko Kojima

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.,

April
4, 1968

Nobel winner
and Civil rights leader
Prize

was
assassinated.

Jacqueline Zappala

Experience

Experience is the fabric woven to our souls...

The threads that weave it together are the depths of our feelings.

Most of life is spent weaving in and out of relationships.

Whether it is one of friendship or love.

It often feels like a steady ripping apart of our heart and soul.

The mending again resumes, but do we ever allow it to complete its task???

We try to reason with each experience; each emotion.

Often we'll wonder if it's another lesson learned, or one to again be forgotten within the distant future.

Or, is it merely another tear within the fabric of our soul?

A never ending whisper in the echoes of our mind...

A sore unwanted feeling in the chambers of our needy hearts?

The depth of each experience is never quite measured, but when least expected it will surface once again from the bowels of our darkest thoughts.

Just a reminder that no matter how catastrophic, unwanted, or heart wrenching an experience may be; it lays down the cobblestones to one's unperceived road of life ...

Deb Turcotte

My Cage

When appetite turns to hunger
The hunter of love
Heads out into the wilderness
To down his prey—
No longer armed with apathy
He evolves a spear of lust
There are no sacred rites—
There is no reverent homage to Fate—
“I’d like to buy you a drink,” he says
“I’d like to stab in deep,” he thinks
And so the tragedy begins—
I myself am no hunter—
I prefer to wait in my cage
for Fate to feed me—
Although Fate has forgotten my curious rage—
So I pace its confines daily—
A cowardly lion—
Tired of licking his own mane
Looking for some fresh fur:
A lioness without pride.
Lately I’ve taken to licking the bars
of my cage—
I can taste the oil of fearing hands,
Of interest waned—
But it is only oil, no sweat
I miss the taste of sweat.

Benjamin Jared Despres



James Harnois Jr.

*Aim High
The sky is the limit*

Parnassus Profiles

A page dedicated to special contributors to this issue of Parnassus

Veronica Holmes

Veronica's talents are wide-ranging: she is a visual artist and writes poetry and she has been working on Parnassus for several semesters as a member of the staff and, more recently, helping to design and layout the posters for the magazine. "But," she says, "I'm more of an artist than a graphic designer." She claims that she is "enticed" by her senses, and that she likes the extraordinary. She mostly draws portraits and landscapes. "I like to put people in places they wouldn't think of going," she muses. For example? "Hitler in a garden." Her influences include Salvadore Dali and Michaelangelo. Her inspiration also comes from her four children, who seem to have inherited her artistic talent. She is getting a degree in desktop publishing and graphic design, and she eventually hopes to be considered a serious artist, open a gallery and promote other artists in the area. Of her experience with Parnassus, she says that "people have allowed me to see that what I have to say is important."

Page 8 - Portrait in chalks

Page 30 - Summer (poem)

Michele Martin

Michele, our cover artist, hopes to be accepted to the New England School of Photography in Boston. She credits her mother, who has a degree in art and photography, as being her greatest teacher. She is also inspired by the work of photographer Ansel Adams and, similar to him, her favorite subjects are images of nature and landscapes. Although Michele is adept at painting and drawing, she feels that these are personal works, ones that she would "never want to give away." Her favorite photograph is one that she took while whale watching on her first roll of color film: "It's of a mother and baby whale, and it's sitting framed on my coffee table, which it's much too big for!" she exclaims. Michele's ultimate goal is to work for National Geographic magazine.

Covers - photographs

Page 25 - photogram

Page 26 - self study in charcoal

All text and layout for this issue of Parnassus was accomplished on a Macintosh Computer.

Fonts:

Arial

Gaelic

AGaramond Semibold

Point size:

10, 11 & 14



Gail Bedrosian

© Parnassus 1999

Parnassus Staff Fall 1999

Jim Auger

Kevin Dempsey

Terri Denton

Veronica Holmes

Beth Kaplan

Brendan Pelley

Deb Turcotte

Advisors

Ginger Hurajt

Carolyn Seymour

Parnassus Graphic Designer

Jane Bazzinotti

Northern Essex
Community College



Haverhill, Massachusetts 01830